



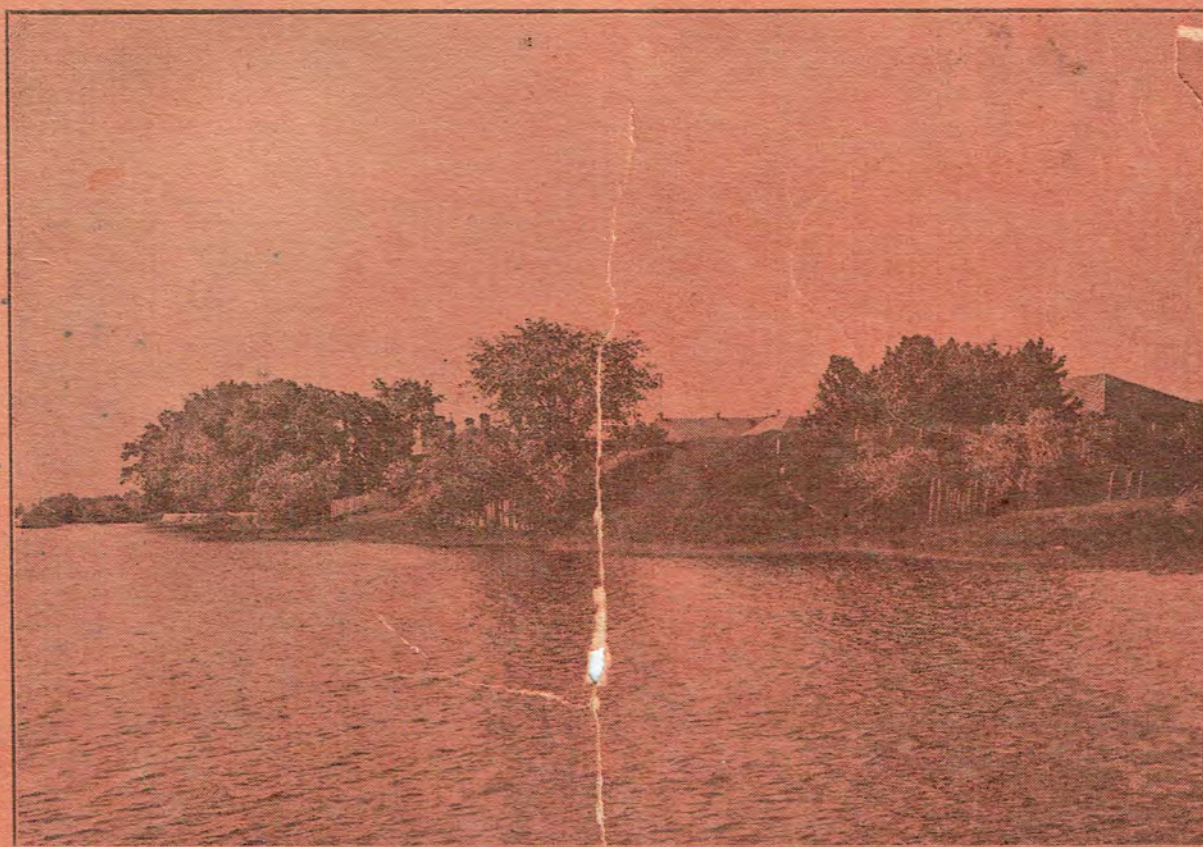
THE GOAT

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Vol. I.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., June 17, 1923.

No. 4.



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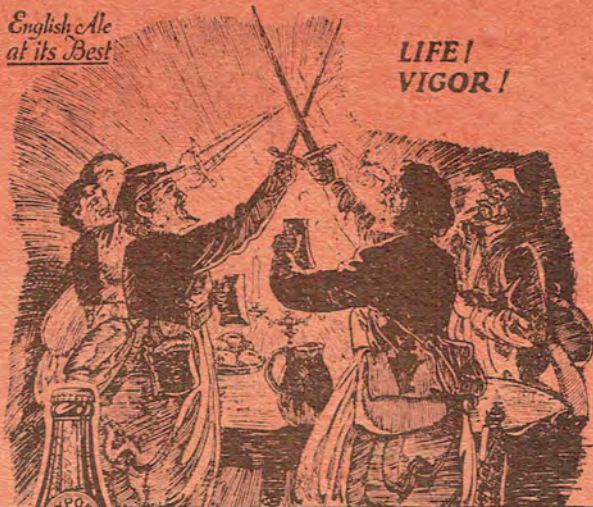
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A Monthly Journal Published in Interests of "A" Squadron, R.C.D.

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The Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., June 17th, 1923.
With the Permission of Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.

Current Events.

The recent political events in England are not without interest or significance here, as far removed as we are. The Premier, Mr. Bonar Law, who has recently retired owing to ill health has always been regarded as a Canadian by many. He was born in Canada but his relationship with the land of his birth has not been closer than many other statesmen occupying seats in Westminster. He succeeded one of the most interesting characters in modern times, one of the dynamic personalities that only direct national destinies during upheavals. No British Premier has ever been faced with more difficulties than the late premier. Colossal war debts, vast commitments in foreign countries, new territorial responsibilities, the highest taxes in the world and stagnation in Commerce which is absolutely vital to life in England were all in the legacy that Mr. Bonar Law received with the Premiership. England has not increased her burdens nor jettisoned those which were assumed at so great an effort despite demands from all sides. There is at least as much peace as before in the territories held under mandates and there is as much tranquility as extremists will stand for in England. Commerce has revived as fast as could be reasonably expected and the exchange is such as to permit the purchase of commodities abroad if necessary. To complete the credit side of the late Premier's balance sheet there is a large surplus over the national expenditure and a reduction in taxation. A wonderful record for a short stewardship, attained in the face of the greatest difficulties and the bitterest opposition that has confronted any British Premier in modern times.

The political situation in France remains much as it has been since Mr. Poincare assumed the reins of government. The French people, while criticizing his policy to a

certain extent, remained solidly behind him, with the exception of the extreme left. His action with reference to the Socialistic Deputy Cachin was a stroke of genius and placed all except the Socialists squarely behind him. His Ruhr policy came in for a good deal of adverse criticism from the entire Chamber of Deputies, this policy of productive guarantees has not been productive of anything save expense, but it has been worth a trial, as a last resort. All the world sympathizes with France, as tactlessly as the policy has been applied. It is noteworthy that even Tardieu, who criticized Mr. Poincare in the Chamber voted for it. The Belgians now appear to be in doubt as to the value of the policy and suggest changes, but what the result will be when they meet at Brussels is a matter of conjecture.

Saxony, which has long been the communistic hotbed in Germany, has been the scene of very extensive riots recently but they are now held well under control by the German police; and outside of the small German communist party none of the German parties have supported them. Scheidemann, the first Chancellor under the new regime in Germany stated recently that he did not view the movement with any apprehension, as reaction increases at the same rate as communism.

Charlemagne's dreams of a Rhine Danube canal which he attempted to realize twelve hundred years ago, now appears about to be realized. The German federal government and the Bavarian government have recently taken up the plans to meet the present needs and the two governments have formed a co-operation and entered upon the prosecution of the project. The Canal starts along the course of the Main and will first be a small canal. It will cross Southern Germany then the Suavian Mountains, and run into the Danube River. The Mountains it must cross necessitate pas-

sing at the height of twelve hundred feet and is no mean obstacle. The length of the canal will be 607 KM. and will have 35 locks.

The tense situation that has existed for some time between England and Russia, is now on a fair way to being satisfactorily settled. Lord Curzon's note to Russia some weeks ago lacked nothing in strength and left no points untouched. The note itself has been criticized because it dealt with such a diversity of subjects and left them to be accepted or rejected. As the British Government did not wish to be drawn into a protracted journalistic contest with the Russians. The note raised a storm of protest in Moscow, and probably did not assist the conservative element in Russia at all, but it had the desired effect,—it brought the Russians to their senses, at least temporarily. Lord Curzon threatened to repeal the Trade Agreement existing between England and Russia, which was really a serious thing for both countries, but more so for Russia. Russia has been a very unsatisfactory country to deal with since its revolution and in no case has it kept any agreement made. Its foreign policy has been aggressive and universally disturbing, but the climax came when they claimed territorial rights over waters 12 miles off the coast of Murmansk and proceeded to seize and imprison English fishermen, in defiance of International Law. It is understood that the Russians have agreed to accept the 3 miles limit, which is internationally agreed upon.

For a number of years wireless stations in England have been under Government control, which has lead to stagnation. This has recently been repealed and is now open to private enterprise. The British Empire has done little towards the establishment of projected wireless communication system. Australia has perhaps gone ahead further than any other dominion, with Canada a good second. The French have been particularly active and have established stations in South America and the Far East, and in consequence lead the world in wireless communication at present.

There has been a constant agitation in English Press to remedy this obvious deficiency and it is now hoped that something may be accomplished. Wireless communication is cheap and effective, but like everything else, require development. Limited as it is at present it is cutting into the revenues of the cable companies. This is admitted in a recent report of an American Cable Co., which antici-

pates a substantial reduction in its revenues for that reason.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the new Premier, does not require any introduction after his brilliant work as Chancellor of the Exchequer and his skilful arrangement of that difficult Debt Funding agreement with the United States. From all accounts a sound practical man of affairs and one hopes that he will follow his predecessor's footsteps in his policy, but not quite so determined on tranquility, bought at high cost.

Among the "Also Rans" for the Premiership was Lord Curzon, but he was not received with favour by some parties because he was said not to be sufficiently democratic in his views. He has shown himself to be a Statesman of the first order and is undoubtedly one of the greatest men in the English political world today. Such reasons emanating from sources which they come is not particularly flattering to the intelligence of a party which with becoming modesty proclaims from the house tops its ability to rule. However, it is probable that delays at Lausanne and his recent note to Russia, did more to render him unacceptable to the country, than his aristocratic leanings. A very stony man but incapable of making many political friends.

The past few weeks have been marked by two very important events which may have far reaching effects. De Valera has ordered his assassins to lay down their arms after a seven year struggle, and Greece and Turkey at last apparently are making peace to end the "Dog and Cat" state of existence that has endured so long. De Valera will go down in history as a hare brained fanatic who tried to imitate the "Sea green Incorruptible" of the French Revolution, but lacked that worthy's courage or ability. Why sane people followed such a character is a mystery, as he has never shown capability in anything but agitation and the sale of Irish Republic Bonds in the United States.

The Greco-Turkish situation which may now be said to be "Quiet" rather than "Normal" has a decided "Gilbert & Sullivan" touch about it. Greece admits owing Turkey an indemnity; Turkey agrees to forego payment. Greece could not pay if it wanted to do so and neither side has enough funds to make war with, there is a prospect of at least temporary peace.

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for the Imperial Economic Conference, which is to be held in London in October next, are now so far advanced that it is possible to indicate broadly the constitution of the Conference and the scope of its programme. It is expected that the United Kingdom, the self-governing Dominions and India will be represented, the delegates of each Government being accompanied by the necessary expert advisers.

The general business of the Conference will be to study the possibilities of co-operation in the development of the resources of the Empire and the strengthening of economic relations between its constituent parts. This will necessarily involve consideration of—

1. Ways and means for the fuller development of the natural resources of the Dominions and the Colonies.
2. Inter-Imperial commerce. Shipping and communications generally.
3. Co-ordinated action for the improvement of technical research.
4. The organisation of economic intelligence.
5. The unification of law or practice in the Empire in certain matters affecting trade development.

Not the least important aspect of development for some of the Governments concerned is oversea settlement, and the progress of co-operation in this respect on the lines laid down in the resolution

on the subject passed by the Imperial Conference of 1921, as well as the possibilities of further progress will naturally come under review. The work of the various bodies which have already been established on an inter-Imperial basis for the purpose of economic co-operation would also be considered, and in all probability certain aspects of the external commercial relations of the Empire will be included in the general survey of the Conference.

These include, for example, the question of mutual co-operation amongst the various Governments to safeguard their economic interests in relation to foreign countries. Proposals for promoting international arrangements for the more equitable treatment of commerce, and the position of Government enterprises as regards taxation and legal liability.

This is a fairly comprehensive agenda, and if the conference results in a satisfactory solution of any of these points, it will have been worth all the effort. It is regrettable that so vast a Nation as ours should not have a conference sitting permanently, instead of having to summon conferences at indefinite periods. After all if one considers such a small organization as a Divisional Headquarters, where the senior Staff Officer calls in his juniors and heads of departments, and discusses problems concerning them, or large industry does the same

thing with its managers and heads of departments. These conferences are of daily occurrence. They settle quickly knotty problems, prevent misunderstanding, and save time and correspondence. How much more necessary is an arrangement like this, to an Empire like ours, with all its differences of interest and opinions.

OLD COMRADES.

Ex-Sgt. Frank Dunbar of "C" Squadron, resides at 1040a St. Clair Avenue W., Toronto.

Charles Harlett is at the Whitlock Golf Club, Hudson, Que. He extends an invitation to all lovers of the Royal and Ancient game, in barracks, to visit the best 18 holes in Canada.

Mr. A. F. Armstrong, an old "A" Sqn. man resides at 950 La-salle Avenue, Maisonneuve.

W. "Archie" Harper's address is now 2654a St. Urbain Street, Montreal.

"The Goat" is now in possession of a complete list of the names and addresses of the members of the R.C.D.'s Old Comrades Association, residing in the Dominion, British Isles and the United States. We will publish this list under the heading of the various Military Districts, monthly, in "The Goat." Should there be any changes in the addresses we would be grateful if the members would let us know so that we may keep the list up to date.

M. D. No. 1.

Lieut. C. H. Wickerson, 4, Byron, Ont.

Sgt. F. A. Barnes, c/o Mrs. Archer, 2nd Concession, Sidney, Ont.

R. Fisher, Lucknow, Ont.
L/Cpl. L. Galloway, 126 Martin St., Sarnia, Ont.

Pts. Humble, J. T., Ridgetown, Ont.

Pte. Kolhi, H., Hespeler, Ont.
Pte. Lee, W. C., Drayton P.O., Ont.

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Pte. Sheiding, R., 988 Wellington St., London, Ont.

Pte. Shurtleff, J. W., Box 746, Woodstock, Ont.

Pte. Whitley, E., Queen St., Kincardine, Ont.

Cpl. Wik, F. K., 75 Cambria St., Stratford, Ont.

The Historic Richelieu Valley

(By Major the Rev. A. H. Moore, M.A.)

The Editor has asked me to write a series of papers for "The Goat" telling something of the Richelieu's story and I have consented with many misgivings. The subject is so large and it has been so neglected that one finds it rather difficult to collect data for a connected story. I do not write as professing to be an authority on the subject but as one who is intensely interested in it and who hopes that what may be written in these papers may interest some readers and perhaps encourage some one to take up the subject and do far more ample justice to it than I can hope to do.

No student of history can possibly miss the significance of great rivers in a nation's history. The world's great waterways were open to explorers, military leaders, settlers, long before inland territory was opened up. In this respect the noble Richelieu was no exception. It requires no stretch of the imagination to picture the canoes of the dusky red men sweeping silently along its placid surface in the prehistoric days long before the river was known to the white man. And since the days of recorded history the Richelieu has been regarded as one of Canada's most strategic rivers to be guarded with the greatest care.

I fancy that the vast majority of Canadians, who have gazed upon the placid waters of the stately Richelieu, are unmindful of the fact that its whole course is replete with historical association. On the occasion of the visit of the late William T. Stead to Canada, he was shown the even course of this mighty river from one of the mountain tops near by. His conductor remarked upon the majesty of the scene and how it invited comparison with Old Country streams. Mr. Stead demurred to having it compared with rivers of the old world. "Why," said he, "you would never compare that river with the Thames, for example. That river is nothing but water!" When questioned as to what the Thames really was, back came his laconic answer, "Liquid history!"

The Canadian who has sat beside the Richelieu, and let his memory of the long past quicken his imagination, can never accept Mr. Stead's qualification. To him it is not "just water"; it also becomes LIQUID HISTORY. My task is to justify that claim on its behalf.

The Background of the Story.

May I now ask you to accept with me the leadership of Francis Parkman, back across the years into that early morning light which the Pioneers of Old France brought into this New World. Here is the picture:—

"The French dominion is a memory of the past; but when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange, romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us; an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains, silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glittering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the skies. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests, priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here with their dauntless hardihood put to shame the boldest sons of toil."*

In this way Parkman acquaints his readers with the background of recorded history in New France, but we do well to muse a bit on the period preceding the advent of the white man. In the days when the Iroquois held domain over the Upper St. Lawrence and when the Island of Montreal was his headquarters, before he was driven southward by the Algonquins, the "Iroquois River" (as the Richelieu was then known) was his highway to rich regions that lay southward. (The Richelieu was also sometimes called the Sorel river.) Later on, when driven across Lake Ontario, this river became his great means of access into the very heart of the country of his enemies, the Algonquins and the Montagnais. Consequently the territory along its banks was almost neutral ground; a kind of no-man's-land,

*Vol. 8, P. XCVIII, Frontenac Edn.

wherein eternal vigilance was the price that had to be paid for existence.

Recorded history begins with Champlain, who, in 1603, made an alliance with the Montagnais, and promised to assist them in their wars against their ancient and remote enemies,—the Iroquois. The years went by and, in 1609, the Montagnais chief reminded Champlain of his promise. The result was Champlain's first and much criticized expedition against the Iroquois. To this act of his has been attributed the undying hostility of the Five Nations against the French, the Lachine massacre, and a whole long list of terrible atrocities. If, on the other hand, we remember that the French colony at Quebec could not hope to exist save with the friendship of the neighbouring Indians; that these barbarians could have overthrown Champlain's work in a single day, and that he chose a near and necessary friendship, even if it cost him the enmity of a remote foe, we shall perhaps qualify the common view and we may even give Champlain credit for an ambition to come ultimately into friendly relations with the Iroquois when his strength had been manifested to them.

But, leaving this controverted point, we take up Champlain's own narrative of this historic expedition. Entering the "Iroquois River," which he had been led to believe to be navigable throughout its course, he presently found his progress arrested by the rapids at Chambly. This obstruction nearly caused the plan to be abandoned. None of Champlain's French companions wished to proceed, but two ultimately volunteered to accompany him, the others and many Indians returned to Quebec. He pressed on with his two white companions and sixty Indians, in twenty-four canoes. They paused to explore Isle Ste. Therese, about six miles above Chambly, and camped that night somewhere near the site on which now stands St. Johns. On the following day, July 4th, 1609, Champlain entered the great lake which bears his name, having traversed the entire course of the Richelieu throughout its upwards of seventy-five miles. As Kingsford, Canada's great historian, has well conjectured, little could he have guessed that its forest-fringed banks would be the scene of such turbulent times in the stormy years of the future. At the extreme southern end of Lake Champlain, probably at Ticonderoga, Champlain fell in with a party of Iroquois and was instrumental in gaining a signal victory for his allies, the Montagnais.

As one reads Champlain's story, he must make allowance for con-

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jecture, and inaccuracies. Isle Ste. Therese, which he says was three leagues in length is actually less than three miles long, and other distances given are often equally wild guesses, but the narrative is sufficiently explicit to enable us to follow his progress with comparative accuracy. Champlain lifts the curtain that discloses the great drama of three centuries of life, centuries that are studied here and there with events along the Richelieu of momentous importance to the whole continent; events that represent the conflict of two great races for supremacy; events that still have no small significance for the Province of Quebec and for Canada today.

The River Fortified.

During the thirty-five years following Champlain's journey up the Richelieu, nothing transpired that claims our attention now. In 1642 a fort, called Richelieu, was built at the mouth of the river, only to be soon abandoned and later on burnt by the Iroquois. In 1663 the Marquis de Tracy, a brave old soldier of much distinction, was sent to Canada and the Carignan Salieres regiment, about 1,200 strong, was detailed for duty in the colony and sent out by detachments. Connected with that regiment were many men whose names are perpetuated along the Richelieu:—Berthier, Sorel, Chambly, Chazy. Many names carved on the main entrance to Fort Chambly are of officers of this regiment. At once a vigorous policy was adopted towards the hostile Iroquois. Fort Richelieu was rebuilt in 1665, and Fort St. Louis at Chambly Basin. Another fort was erected and named Ste. Therese, at a point about six miles up the river from Chambly. "According to Garneau, the historian, the first fort at St. Johns was built in 1665, by order of M. De Tracy, the Governor of the Colony, simultaneously with that of Chambly, and the others. The plan of this fort, a draft of which is in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, indicates that it was roomy and elegant in construction, the four angles being formed by bastions several storeys high, with pinnacles which must have given it a very fine appearance. The trenches which surround the present military school would therefore date from that time,—more than two hundred years ago."* (Huot's "Siege of Fort St. Johns, To complete the line of defences, M. de Repentigny was sent to Isle la Motte, which lies at the outlet of Lake Champlain, in the fall of 1665, to prepare the site for a fort

*Huot's "Siege of Fort St. Johns, 1775," published in 1889.

which was completed in the following year and named Fort St. Anne. De Tracy at once followed up these preparations against the Iroquois by invading their territory and, although failing to come to close quarters with an considerable number of them, he impressed them with a sense of French power and a peace was signed which lasted for several years, and enabled the French to make considerable progress in settling along the St. Lawrence and lower Richelieu. While the protection afforded by these fortified posts along the Richelieu enabled settlements to be made, and while the land on either banks was exceptionally fertile, the progress of settlement was slow. Grants of wide areas of land were made upon the condition that a certain number of settlers should be placed thereon, a mill erected and some small progress made. One of these grants was a portion of land on the east side of the upper Richelieu, which was given to Sieur Francois Foucault. It included the southwest corner of the present County of Missisquoi, and still bears the name of its original owner. Afterwards this tract of land was held by General Haldimand, who in turn sold it to Henry Caldwell, hence the name "Caldwell Manor." This attempt at settlement, made in 1731, was, like many others,—short lived.

The reason for the slow progress along this line is soon stated. It grew out of physical conditions. Parkman makes it quite clear when he writes as follows:—"Through the midst of the great Canadian wilderness stretched Lake Champlain, pointing straight to the heart of the British settlement—a waterway thoroughfare of neutral attack and the only approach by which, without a long detour, by wilderness or sea, a hostile army could come within striking distance of the colony." The Richelieu was the portion of that waterway where any hostile force using it would always be a menace to settlements along its banks. It was not difficult for such a force to make a detour past any fortified point and strike a blow at an isolated settlement. Consequently we have now to pass to a long period of forays, raids, punitive expeditions and continuous suspense. One or two of these incidents must serve to illustrate the tension of the times.

A Series of Raids.

In August 1690, when Frontenac was at Montreal, rejoicing in a prosperous fur trade with the now friendly Indians of the Upper Lakes, warning was given of the mustering of a large English force,

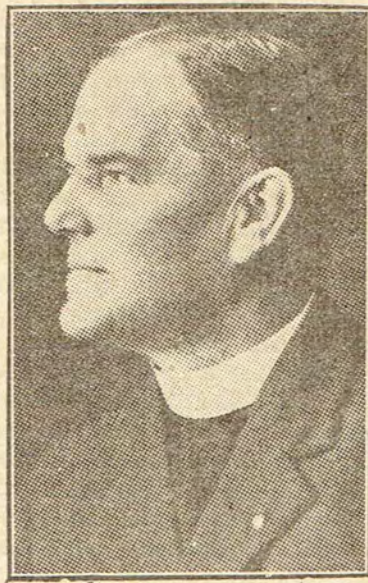
with Iroquois allies, at Lake George. Later reports dispelled the original alarm, for, although a formidable force was actually assembled there under General Winthrop, it disintegrated and the advance upon Montreal was abandoned. Capt. John Schuyler was, however, permitted to make a raid into Canada. With twenty-nine whites and one hundred and twenty Indians he descended the Richelieu, going nearly to Chambly, fell suddenly upon Laprairie, whence Frontenac had just gone with his soldiers, and killed or captured twenty-five. All outbuildings were burnt, but the fort was not attacked. His Iroquois allies refused to attempt to storm that. In the following year another war party descended the Richelieu, under Major Peter Schuyler's command. This force numbering 260, and nearly half white men, was more formidable. Leaving his canoes under a guard at a point near the site of the present city of St. Johns, he marched through the forest and fell upon Laprairie.* His coming was expected, and Callieres, the local governor of Montreal, had a force ready to receive him, but Schuyler caught him unawares, struck his blow and withdrew. He was followed, took refuge in a neighbouring ravine, repulsed the attack of the French superior force and then, having inflicted great loss, slowly retired towards his canoes on the Richelieu. He soon found his progress challenged; a French force, led by Valrenne, and reinforced by Hurons and Algonquins, marched from Chambly, hoping to take Schuyler in the rear as he marched on Laprairie. At a point about four miles beyond St. Luc village, now called by the inhabitants, "La Bataille," the two forces met and a bloody battle was fought. Valrenne failed in his purpose of driving Schuyler back upon the superior force at Laprairie. Again and again the combatants were mingled in deadly combat, and Schuyler finally broke through, leaving about forty men dead upon the field. He found his canoes safe at St. Johns and retreated to Albany. A cross marks the scene of this bloody encounter.

In 1693, Frontenac, still smarting from the blow struck by Major Schuyler, sent a force of 600 or 700 French and Indians up the Richelieu and over Lake Champlain in January. They travelled on the ice, invaded the Iroquois country, destroyed Schenectady, carried off 300 prisoners, endured fearful hardships and struck terror into the hearts of their ancient enemies.

*At this time the road to Laprairie branched off from the river road at Jackwood Creek immediately St. Johns.

On either side preparations were going on all the time or anxious thought was being taken for invasion of the territory of their near enemy, the sovereignty of Lake Champlain was the objective, and the Richelieu valley was the highway upon which every advance on either side must pass to success. As late as 1760, the famous scout, Major Robert Rogers, whose daring raid upon the Abenakis Indians at St. Francis, on the river bearing the same name, the preceding year, had shown what difficulties could be overcome on such raids, was sent to surprise and capture St. Johns and Chambly. He was himself surprised by a French force that sallied forth from Isle aux Noix. He drove his assailants back upon their island fortress, made a detour past the already forewarned fort at St. Johns, destroyed the stockade fort at Ste. Therese, beside the island in the Richelieu of the same name, took twenty-five prisoners, and returned to Crown Point. (This marks the passing of Fort Ste. Therese.)

During this stormy time the wooden fort at St. Johns was rebuilt in 1748, to protect the surrounding country and serve as a base for supplies of every kind for fortresses or forces operating higher up the river, or in Lake Champlain. There were a few scattered cottages along the upper Richelieu, but a little further down the country along its banks was inhabited without interruption. Eleven years after Fort St. Johns was rebuilt and enlarged (i.e. in 1759). Bourlemaque had erected a fort at Isle aux Noix, of which General Amherst wrote as follows on Sept. 8th, 1760:—"Upon this island he (Bourlemaque) erected such a number of works as to render it, by all accounts, impregnable, and every one agrees who has taken a view of them, that the Isle aux Noix had it been attacked would have been the Churchyard of the British army." This beautiful island, upwards of a mile in length, quite commanded the river. Today there stands upon its southern end the massive and impressive Fort Lennox, built of beautiful cut stone and surrounded by great earthworks, bastions, a moat, drawbridge, and other evidence of the military operations of days happily gone by. This Fort, projected in 1819, was built by the British Government in 1823, and I have a plan of the Island, as it was in 1863, before the withdrawal of the Imperial garrison. Outside the Fort were many buildings, including a church, school, marine barracks, stores, etc. Two neglected cemeteries now lie at the northern end, all these buildings have



THE BARRACK CHAPLAIN.

Major the Rev. A. H. Moore, M.A., whose first instalment of a Historical Series on St. Johns and the Richelieu Valley, appears in this issue.

In due time this work will appear in book form. It has been gleaned from the Archives of England, France and Ottawa, and is the result of many years of profound study and research.

disappeared, nearly all the grave-stones have disappeared from the cemeteries, but the Fort remains as the most substantial monument now standing on the River to the troubled times when history was in the making along the Richelieu.

Our story now arrives at that time when the Fight for Canada reached its climax, and when English and French were putting forth every effort for supremacy. Montcalm's successful defence of Ticonderoga, in July 1758, and the crushing defeat of the British under Abercrombie, promised security to the Richelieu valley. The French were doing their fighting on Lake Champlain but dissensions between Montcalm and Vaudreuil, lack of adequate reinforcements from France, corruption and internal intrigue, soon shifted the balance against the gallant defenders of Canada. General Amherst had no sooner succeeded Abercrombie than he began assembling a formidable force at Lake George of 7,000 men. Before such a force the French were helpless and De Bourlemaque fell back upon the Isle aux Noix, as the best point at which to check the advance. On August 16th, Haviland encamped near him and on the 23rd began a bombardment of the Fort. The British guns played havoc with De Bourlemaque's shipping, the fortress was deemed untenable; on August 28th the French evacuated the post and proceeded down the Richelieu,



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Haviland taking possession at once. On the following day the French, under Roquemaure, burnt the fort at St. Johns and with the Isle aux Noix garrison joined Vaudreuil at Montreal. Thus Isle aux Noix was the key to Montreal and Canada. Quebec had fallen, this was the last strategic point to fall before an attack, and on Sept. 7th, Vaudreuil signed articles of capitulation. The fight for Canada practically closed along the Richelieu.

(To be continued.)

We are informed that one "Jazz" musician, who used to be a boiler rivetter by trade, has gone back to his old occupation, because he couldn't stand the noise.

A brewer's dray in Toronto ran over a child's foot, without breaking it. That shows what the beer is like in Ontario.

Now that a medical man has advised women to wrap up more in the evenings, some of them have taken to wearing a second shoulder strap.

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"Reminiscences."

(By Lieut. T. A. James, R.C.D.)

Ration Farm before the late war must have been a pleasant and peaceful spot. It was situated in Belgium near the quaint little village of Wulverghem, and within easy distance of the eleventh century tower of the Institute at Messines, near to Ploegsteert and its well known wood, near also to Neuve Eglise—now New Church indeed, for a new structure has replaced the old one on the hill.

The river Douve wound lazily along the valley near the farm, the rounded hills with their fields of tobacco, beet, and corn rose on either hand. The smell of pennyroyal later so penetrating as to be a memory to all who knew the place, doubtless even then added its odour to the air.

In 1914 as the German swept forward, Ration Farm and the surrounding countryside knew the invader, knew him for weeks, indeed, until Sir John French pushed him back to substantially the line of trenches where we held him for so long.

During the Eastward movement Ration Farm was held and fortified, the sacking covered loopholes, in the walls, remaining as mute evidence until the walls were destroyed.

A simple recitation of the names of surrounding farms brings back a host of memories to those who were there—Headquarter Farm, or Lo Plus Douce Farm, Dead Cow Farm, Gabion Farm, Stinking Farm, Irish Farm, Midland Farm, and Gooseberry Farm to mention a few.

Across the road from the farm in the little cemetery with its sentinels of shattered poplar a number of our comrades are at rest.

Ration Farm is a place of many memories, sad and gay. Memories of work and of play, and of good comradeship. This was the reserve position of the sector until trenches and dugouts were built. It was just outside this farm that Colonel Bell's palatial, tile-floored dug-out was built. From Ration Farm too, that hapless individual who arrived at the front line trench with the handle of a rum jar as evidence of the jar having been destroyed in his hand, commenced his journey. From Ration Farm Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather must have got much of his material for he was among the Battalion of the Warwickshire Regiment who held the place previous to our taking over. At Headquarter Farm just down the road many of this artist's sketches were drawn in charcoal on walls now alas des-

troyed. Let those who knew the farm of old, search their minds and the cartoon books, then perhaps they will see the old place rising before them again.

Many will remember General Seeley cantering quietly over the turf towards a dismounted Squadron of R.C.D. on parade near Meteren in 1915, and will remember too the General's remark of "nasty wire" as he tore his ear on a stretched wire, of the German, black enamelled variety—then so common. Perhaps too, one may recall the General turning the torn side of his face to the parade, and saying, "Here you see your wounded Brigadier," then solemnly turning himself around he again spoke: "But I'm just the same on this side aren't I? Blame the General for what now follows.

Our General's temper's tempered. Nothing can rouse his ire.

His ear was almost severed.

He murmured, "Nasty Wire."

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

The Tournament this year had a larger attendance than former years, the programme was very interesting and the arrangements made by the Committee were exceptionally good. It is, however, suggested that a few changes might be made in the programme, with advantage, as there is an attempt to crowd in too much of one thing, P.T. for example, a thing of exceptional value, but very boring to watch. By this time our brain ceases to respond to those brain stimulating games, they were old some years ago, and the R.M.C. had nothing more recent than "O'Grady says." The work of the Cadets was of an exceptionally high standard. The riding, vaulting, and jumping of the Gentlemen Cadets showed an exceedingly high standard of training and left nothing to be desired. They are all good practical riders. The exhibition of Infantry Drill given by "D" Co'y the R.C.R., was smart, and their movements carried out with a precision that would do credit to any unit in the British Army.

The detachment from H.M.S. "Wistaria" danced the Hornpipe with great effect, and, what appeared to us, to be undue solemnity. Each participant wore an expression much as if his leave had been cut off or his pay reduced.

The Cutlass Drill exhibition given by the Navy League Cadet Corps, could scarcely be said to be interesting. The Cadets did as well as could be expected and showed a great deal of keenness, but it was an event that appeared

to be out of place.

The Musical Ride by the Royal Canadian Dragoons was the picturesque climax of the programme. In their review order dress, mounted on their chargers, with pennants fluttering from their lances, they made a picture reminiscent of the tournament scene from some novel of crusading times. The horses filled their role to perfection, performing the intricate evolutions of the ride to the familiar strains of "O Canada" at the walk, "The Keel Row" at the trot, and the spirited "Bonnie Dundee" at the canter, and concluding with a dashing charge down the Arena.

THE GARRISON CHURCH PARADE.

All branches of the Services with the exception of the Air Force, were represented in the annual garrison Church Parade, when according to the Parade States, there were 3,600 men on parade. A detachment from H. M. S. "Wistaria," Gentlemen Cadets from the Royal Military College, Kingston, "A" Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, "D" Company The Royal Canadian Regiment, and the various units of the Montreal Garrison participated, and with each in its distinctive dress, the spectacle was most colorful. All the pre-war glories of the military arms of the service were recalled as the men marched to church swinging down the streets to the strains of the bands in a manner that reflected the greatest credit on their regiments.

Reg. Sgt. Major W. W. Allmand Retires after 28 Years' Service.

At a banquet held in the Mount Royal Hotel on May 19th, Reg. Sgt. Major W. W. Allmand, 17th D.Y.R.C.H., was presented with a suitably engraved silver coffee set and casserole by the Officers and Sergeants of the Regiment. Reg. Sgt. Major Allmand served in South Africa with the 2nd Batt. R.C.R., and also served in the C.E.F., as Reg. Sgt. Major of the 6th Div. Train R.A.S.C.S. S.M. T. Moore presided at the dinner. After the toasts were given, an entertainment was given in which the following took part: Lt. Johnson, Reg. Sgt. Major Chitte, Sgt. Majors F. Forbes, J. Leach, M.M., S.S. Chas. Shaw, Q.M.S. Rowbotham, and Sgt. C. Lefrance.

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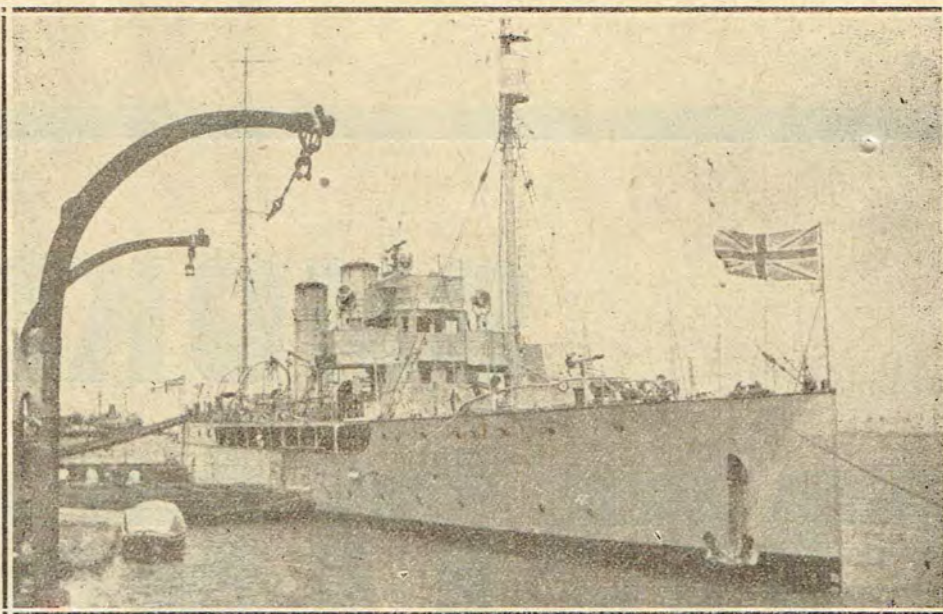
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Here and There.

We are in receipt of a letter from Count Guy d'Etchegoyen, of the Suez Canal Co., Ismailia, Egypt, expressing his delight at receiving his first copy of "The Goat" and stating how enjoyed he was to find the names of so many—if not all—good comrades in the Canadian Cavalry Brigade mentioned therein.

He encloses a yearly subscription and tells of the difficulty he had with the native post-office agent who swore in different languages that the postal note sent for the subscription was of the correct amount. He insists on getting "The Goat" regularly every month; to use his own words:—"We have so many memories—pleasant or sad—in common, that it means a lot to me. I thank you again for remembering I was at a time one of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade."

Count d'Etchegoyen was at one time attached to the Canadian Cavalry Brigade as interpreter. He was very popular and a great friend of the Old Brigade.—The Editor.

Lieut. C. D. Everett, 28th New Brunswick Dragoons, is at present attached to the Royal School of Cavalry.

"B" Squadron, R.C.D., Toronto, are now at Petawawa Camp, Ont., where they will remain until August 21st.

Regtl. Headquarters, R.C.D., has moved to Niagara-on-the-Lake, where it will remain during the course of the Annual Training Camps.

Congratulations to Pte. J. R. Coulter, R.C.D., on the arrival of

a son and heir. "May all your troubles be little ones, Coulter."

The following is an extract from a letter received by the O.C. "A" Sqn., from the Colonel Commandant, M.D. No. 4:—

"Please convey to all ranks under your command my very deep appreciation and congratulations, and that of the Executive Committee of the Naval and Military Tournament which was held here on May 26th, for the excellent manner in which they performed their part in the Tournament. Their soldierly appearance, smartness and horsemanship, and the way in which the Musical Ride was carried out was beyond all praise and upheld the high reputation already gained by the Squadron."

We had the pleasure of meeting an old friend while in Montreal for the Church Parade, Mr. P. C. McConnell, 83 Rushbrooke Street, Point St. Charles, was a member of the Station Sgts. Mess, Stanley Barracks, Toronto, in the pre-war days. We were all glad to see you Mac.

Sgt. Paul Boudreau (I.C.) is conducting a Physical Training Course here for a period of one month the class consists of:—

Sgt. J. Langley, R.C.D.
Sgt. H. W. Johnson, R.C.A.S.C.
Cpl. R. Harris, R.C.D.
Cpl. R. Godon, R.C.R.

With reference to the invitation to play golf, in another column, we publish for the benefit of the uninitiated the definition of this game. "Golf is the propulsion of an exceedingly small ball into a very small hole, with implements singularly ill-adapted to the operation."

While in Montreal for the Church Parade on May 27th we availed ourselves of the opportunity to pay a return visit to our Naval friends of the H.M.S. "Wistaria." She is a sloop of the British North Atlantic Squadron and was built during the war; she saw service against Turkish and German destroyers in the Mediterranean. Her speed is 17 knots. She has a large anti-aircraft gun on her upper deck, midships. Her principle armament at present is a big gun forward. On her poop are several light guns for saluting purposes. She is fitted with range finding and central gun control apparatus, by which all guns can be aimed and fired by the gunnery officer on the bridge. From the yarns told by the crew she had many and varied war experiences.

A detachment of about 20 Petty Officers and other ratings from H.M.S. "Wistaria" were the guests of "A" Squadron on Victoria Day. All ranks thoroughly enjoyed themselves, several of the party took part in the various athletic events and we were pleased to see a number of their names appear in the list of winners. One P.O. received, as a prize, a riding whip with the Regimental crest engraved on the handle; he was the proudest man on the field; he said he would never part with it. The Navy is known as the "Silent Service," but anyone who witnessed the football game, R.C.D. vs. Buffaloes, would not think so. The Navy made the welkin ring with their shouts of encouragement "Come on the Army."

The Sergeants' Mess is in receipt of a photograph of the personnel of H.M.S. "Wistaria." This will be framed and hung in the Mess as a lasting souvenir of

an enjoyable day spent with the Navy. The Mess sends their best wishes and thanks to P.O. H. Wakeford.

His Excellency the Governor General, Lord Byng of Vimy, said after inspecting the Escort furnished by the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Toronto, on the 24th May 1923:—

"I have inspected the Escort and I think it is as good an Escort as I have ever seen. The men are very well turned out, ride very well, and very steady on the march and when formed up. I think the horses are splendid, very well cared for and turned out, behave very well in traffic and are all well up in their bits. I am very proud to have had such a fine Escort; and they are a great credit to the Regiment that they belong to."

The Editor is in receipt of a letter from Petty Officer H. Allen, H.M.S. "Wistaria," mailed at St. Johns, Newfoundland. He writes to tell us how he and his comrades enjoyed reading the copies of "The Goat" which were sent to them. He also mentions the visit paid to St. Johns on Victoria Day and says "all ranks declare it was the best time they have had yet." He concludes by asking "The Goat" to convey the best wishes of the Petty Officers to the Sergeants' Mess.

On the day of the big wind, a short while ago, Major Stethem's cruiser the "Sheik," taking advantage of its owner's absence, slipped its head-collar and drifted down stream. Having a traditional hatred against the Yacht Club, the boat made a bee-line for the pier and commenced to hurl itself with increasing fury against this historical and exclusive structure. A few club members happened to be within the "sacred edifice" conversing about their rich relations and such like things; hearing a dreadful commotion, they rushed out, but were unable to secure the savage monster. One of the Club members apparently possessing more intelligence than the average, sent in a rush call to the barracks for assistance to which Capt. Leblanc nobly responded. Garbing himself in the Adjutant's Fire-helmet and coat the gallant Captain led a party of volunteers to the "Holy of Holies." This party after anointing themselves in the exclusive water surrounding the Club House and removing their boots and stockings, were allowed on the pier. After a great deal of trouble they eventually secured the boat and took it to the "Old Fort" where Capt. Leblanc fastened it up

with a "Quartermaster's Hitch." We might mention that this is the most difficult of all knots to unravel.

By-Town Bits.

(By Bill Blue.)

On the Job.—The new minister of the Department of National Defence, the Hon. E. M. MacDonald, is now firmly ensconced in the saddle to all intents and purposes. Whilst his appointment is only that of acting minister, it is a foregone conclusion that as soon as the House prorogues the appointment will be confirmed and the necessary writ for a bye-election issued.

A New A. G.—It is announced that the present Adjutant General Major Gen. Sir E. W. B. Morrison, is shortly to retire with a year's leave of absence. According to current information he will be succeeded by Major-Gen. H. A. Panet of M.D. No. 2. It is said that Major-Gen. Armstrong of M.D. No. 4 will be moved to Toronto.

Goes to Toronto.—Supt. Newsome, who has been adjutant of the R.C.M.P. at headquarters, has been moved to Toronto in command of O Division. Supt. Newsome was second in command of the R.N.W. M.P. squadron in France.

Canada's Bisley.—Competitors and others visiting Connaught Ranges this year will find that improvements are going on apace. A new station building is being erected at the left of the ranges and will be completed by August. The various provincial rifle associations have been given plots of land and inside of a year or two these will all have buildings erected upon them. The local regiments of the Ottawa garrison have also been given plots upon which to erect bungalows. The plans of buildings have first to be submitted to the department for approval in order that the style of architecture may be uniform. The present policy of the department is to spread the improvements out over a period of 20 years in order that the annual vote will be kept within bounds. The C.N.R. are running a special spur to the ranges as their nearest station is about a mile away.

Good for the Gees.—The Department are going ahead with the erection of shelters and permanent standings for horses at the Connaught Ranges. These shelters will be sufficient to accommodate a regiment of cavalry at war strength.

Enthusiastic Youth.—Towards the end of the late war when the M. S. A. came into force some of the eligible ones in this country used all means in their power to escape service with the C. E. F. Others simply beat it for the bush and remained there until the armistice was signed.

The youth of Ottawa are carrying measures to the other extreme. Some cases have recently come to light where some have joined two or three different units. The adjutants of the city regiments, to counteract this, now furnish each other with their Part 2 orders so that now the professional joiner of units finds the way blocked. As the units do not issue uniform until two weeks after a man's name appears in Part 2, the other regiments have time to advise in the case of repeaters.

Butts Destroyed.—The stop butts at Rockcliffe were partially destroyed by fire recently. Targets 1 to 29 are out of action.

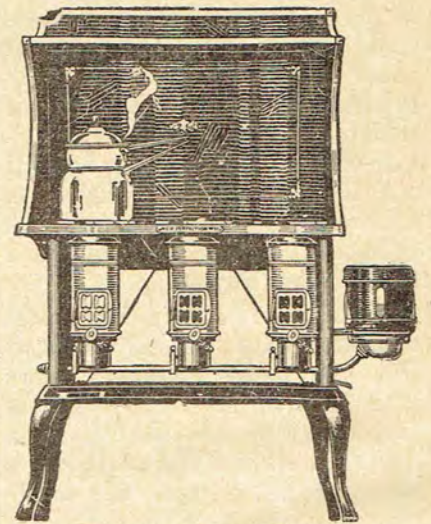
The Navy Recruit.—The first parade of the Ottawa half company R.C.V.N.R. was held recently at their quarters on Vittoria St. Lieut. R. Shipley is the officer in charge and the full strength of 52 all ranks is nearly complete. First Class Petty Officer W. E. Petntecost is the senior P.O. of the detachment.

In town.—Major Douglas Bowie, D.S.O., R.C.D., and Mr. W. Sippl, late R.C.D., were visitors at Defence Headquarters recently.

King's Birthday.—The military activities in connection with the celebration of the birthday of H.M. King George V. at Ottawa, were limited to the firing of a salute by the 1st Bde C.F.A.

P.L.D.G. Camp.—The P.L.D.G. less C Squadron, will train for 9 days at Connaught Ranges, commencing the 18th inst. C Sqn. of the regiment will be attached to B Sqn. R.C.D., at Petawawa for a similar period commencing the 10th of July. The regiment will be in command of Lieut.-Col. L. P. Sherwood, with Major W. A. Blue as second in command. The Petawawa detachment will be commanded by Major J. D. Fraser. In connection with the Ottawa training, two fully equipped Hotchkiss troops will be included in the personnel. Some 25 all ranks recently secured certificates of proficiency in Hotchkiss gunnery. Major F. Sawers, M.C., R.C.D., and S.S.M. H. Kareher, R.C.D., conducted a Hotchkiss class last winter.

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THE LAST POST.

Hearing from Chas. Harflett brings to mind another "Egg" story:—

When the Regiment was up in the "Brown Line," in front of St. Quentin, there was a quarry and a small lake close by. On this lake some wild ducks had built their nests. Harflett went out on a raft and commandeered the contents of one of the nests which he boiled for breakfast. The late Col. C. T. van Straubenzee and Col. W. H. Bell sat down in pleasing anticipation of enjoying an appetising meal. Col. Bell remarked "Bon, des 'Euffs' for brekker." Alas! their hopes were blasted. On breaking the eggs it was discovered that they contained—"des petits canards." Harflett was called and Col. van Straubenzee, telling him to take away the dish, said: "I like eggs but I don't care for ducks."

A Fashion Query—Can a girl who wears clothes like Tutankhamen be called chicken-a-la-king?—Brockville Recorder and Times.

The Humour of the Soldier.

The main charm of the humour of the soldier lies in its spontaneity. There is nothing laboured about it; there are no carefully thought out quips, and when the soldier-man—be it G.O.C. or Private Thomas Atkins—exercises his wit, his jests, though they often convey a very shrewd appreciation of men and things, are rarely such as will leave any sting.

Accustomed more than most men are to the ups and downs of life, the soldier possesses more than most of his fellow-creatures the ability to see matters in a quaint light. *Le mot juste* comes readily to his tongue. His is the gift of expressing what strikes him as amusing in a few words, a concise sentence, which at once appeals to his hearers as the most apt and fitting remark that could have been made. Undoubtedly, this great gift of humour has done much to sustain the soldier's unvarying cheerfulness under the most adverse circumstances. In this article the writer has endeavoured to "present" specimens of soldier humour collected from different portions of the globe; and to avoid repeating, as far as may be possible, well-known "chest-nuts."

The Atkins who several years ago, standing in a crowd to watch some volunteers march past, delivered himself of the sententious remark: "Thank Gawd for the Navy!" was a wit. It was Lord Haldane who originated the idea of granting twopence a day extra pay to me who succeeded in passing a shooting test; and on one occasion a Tommy, who had hitherto failed to pass, had got close enough to the required score to need only an "outer" in order to attain the coveted rank. He fires his last shot, and the hateful shriek was heard of a ricochet speeding on its way. "There goes my little tuppence," he remarked more in sorrow than in anger as he rose from the ground, "'oppin', 'oppin' all the way to 'ell!' The corollary to this anecdote is the story of the first-class shot who, having rapidly put on a succession of "bulls," arose, wiped his knees, blew the smoke out of his rifle, and observed complacently: "Mister 'Aldane loses!"

During the South African War the mounted infantry at first came in for a certain amount of good natured chaff; and probably the most sarcastic remark made about one of their number was the answer to a question concerning one

"Nobby Clark's" powers as an equestrian. "Can 'e ride?" was the answer; "why 'e couldn't ride in a railway carriage with the door shut!" "Put old Nobby on a 'horse," continued his detractor, "and 'e'd 'ave no more chance than a flea in 'Yde Park!" From the same period dates a story of the smart young staff officer, who rode up to a party of dusty warriors weary with "foot slogging" many miles over the Veldt with the query: "Are you the West Riding?" "No, me lord," chime a cheery voice from the rear, "we ain't! We're the blinkin' Buffs—walkin'!"

India, naturally, has been for many years a fruitful hunting ground for soldier stories; and it was an officer of very exalted rank who supplied the following specimen. To his lot it fell to peruse the scholarly report of a member of the Indian Civil Service, holding, for special reasons, temporary military rank. It was a report written in the best style of the Civil Secretariat, and was somewhat profusely sprinkled with Latin quotations. However, one comment only was indited upon its margin: "I know some Latin, too. Nil sanguineum bonum." There is a good story concerning a certain General when a Moplah regiment had the honour of being inspected by His Majesty the King-Emperor during his Indian tour. The day was hot, and the distinguished General's temper was not at its brightest, so, much to His Majesty's amusement the following dialogue took place: "Aren't they rather like Soudanese?" "No, begorra, a Soudanese would eat a regiment of them!" "Don't they ever get sunstroke with those small caps?" "No, begorra, I wish they would!"

Another story of a somewhat short-tempered officer is that of the Colonel to whom a youthful subaltern, acting as A.D.C. to his father, the General, communicated an order: "Please, sir, father says will you take your regiment over there?" The Colonel turned towards him an empurpled visage, and barked out: "Oh, does he? And what does mother say?"

As illustrative of Atkin's readiness of reply may be related a scrap of conversation between two men stretched on the ground at the end of a field day. It was Monday, and presumably in the mind of the first speaker there still lingered fragments of the scriptural language he had heard in church the previous day, for he suddenly observed: "And the Lord said unto Moses 'Arf right turn!'" Without a moment's hesitation his pal lying next him added: "And Moses, not knowin' 'is drill, turned

'arf left!"

Atkins, being the best-hearted fellow in the world, is always anxious to hearten any one in affliction. Outside the Pasteur Institution at Kasauli in the north of India may be seen at mid-day a motley crowd of persons waiting to be inoculated against rabies from the bites of dogs, jackals and the like. On one occasion the new arrivals included an officer who seemed anything but comfortable as to the effect the inoculations might have on him; and to him spoke a Tommy with words of cheer. "Don't you worry, sir!" he said. "This innoculation ain't anythink! Why, a friend o' mine bit me; and I said it was a dog; and I've been 'avin' a 'oliday 'ere for a week!"

One story, from France, concerns a Divisional General who was a particular bird in the matter of his inspections. His predecessor had been accustomed to take a look at the remounts occasionally after breakfast; and the arrival of the "new broom" at 6 A.M. Emma was followed by considerable "strafing" because things were not ready for him. His departure was welcomed by all ranks; and a burly trooper summed up his impressions in the following words of scorn. "I'm a Divisional General! Why, lumme, 'e oughtn't to command not even a regiment, nor nothink! All 'e's fit for is to be a blinkin' mushroom picker!" A stalwart Highlander after taking a draught of vin ordinaire returned the bottle to its owner, a friendly poilu, with the remark: "Weel, thank ye for the drap—but it's for for a' the wurld like washin' innards wi' a salad dressin'!"

After a raid, seven Tommies returned with only six prisoners. The absence of the seventh prisoner was accounted for thus: "On the way back, sir, we got talkin'; and 'e told me 'ow 'e'd got an old mother, and I said as 'ow I'd got an old mother, too. Then 'e told me about 'is little boy of five; and I said as 'ow I'd got a little boy of five. Then 'e started tellin' me about 'is little farm, an'—well sir, 'e made me feel so miserable that I shot 'im!"

An amusing telephone story was one told the present writer by an officer who bore the name of Coffin. For some time he had worked away at the instrument: *Hullo! hullo! What? It's Coffin speaking. What? I say, I'm Coffin—I'm COFFIN!* At last from the bowels of the earth there issued a voice: "Ho! coughin' are yer? Well, I'm larfin'!"

—Extracts from an article by Lt.-Col. A. A. Irvine, C.I.E. in *The Army Quarterly*.

THE FUTURE OF WAR.

"The Reformation of War." By Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, D.S.O. (Hutchinson. 16s.)

Reviewed by a "Student of War"

Civilians have done very little serious military thinking since the war. They had got their khaki off, and nothing could induce them to put it on again, even in imagination. Yet of all forms of waste none is so gross as the neglect to apply the lessons of the war. Either we cease to make any provisions at all for defence or such provision, great or small, as we do make must be completely modern in its inspiration, and any compromise between these alternatives is so much waste and sham. The burden of Colonel Fuller's argument is that, despite all that we have gone through, official thought about the problems of defence is still in the pre-war stage. He has written a very arresting book, a little fatiguing by reason of its assertive style, but original and stimulating to thought.

The best part of the book is in the opening chapters, in which he expounds his philosophy of war and illustrates from the history of the late war how wasteful of life and treasure the dull conservation of routine thought could be. War, as he says very truly, is the most common-sense of the sciences, and if it possess a mystery, that mystery is unprogressiveness. He has further grasped the great truth that the object of war is the imposition of one's political will on another and not destruction. "The prevailing idea of all parties in the recent war was destruction, to destroy each other, and so blinded were they by the means, that they could not see that in the very act they were destroying themselves, not only during the war, but in the peace which must some day follow the war."

That is very true and excellently put. It follows that the best victory is that which is won with least loss, both to yourself and to the enemy, and from this central truth sprout all the other ideas of the book. The traditional war of muscle on muscle must be replaced by a war of machines, of ideas, and of science, because these produce their results more rapidly and are more economical.

It is easy to see from these premises what a tremendous indictment can be made out of the clumsiness and wastefulness of the late war.

A Gospel of Humanity.

If the victory had been the victory of science, of thought, and of machinery it might have been both

speedy and humane. In fact what we call atrocities when committed by the enemy—gas for example, air-raids, and submarine sinkings—and science when achieved by ourselves—for example tanks—are really the humanisers of war, the economists of human suffering. Air-raids on civilian populations, the use of gas in bombardments, the development of submarines—Colonel Fuller defends them all. It is not, from his point of view, a new gospel of frightfulness, but of humanity.

The distinction which the law draws between soldiers and civilians, to his mind, has no foundation in morals. He refuses to believe that a gas shell which dozes an army into stupor, or incapacitates it by fits of sneezing, or produces permanent affections of the lungs, is less humane than a shell which blows a man's head off or makes his body into a jelly. In any case it is hopeless to try to legislate against these things. Even if they should not be, they will be; it is no more possible to legislate that the weapons of war should be those of the Crimean War and of the Declaration of Paris than it would be to restrict missile weapons to those employed at Crecy, and if it were possible it would increase the inhumanity and suffering of war. Let us, therefore, accept the facts, and deconstruct our whole system of war on a new and scientific basis. This is what Colonel Fuller calls the "reformation" of war.

Next War Conditions.

He reconstructs war with imaginative ingenuity and in considerable detail. "Should the next war explode in 1972, then if we work hard we may just be able to convert the traditional school in time and replace it by a school of military scientists. Not brawny halberdiers skilled in the game of push of pikes or push of bullets or push of shells, bullets and shells which strike down fool and sage alike, but intelligent thinkers, who will push their ideas to the detriment of the enemy's beef, who will pit brain against muscle, and if opposed by muscle alone will win a war quite possibly in a night without a day." In land war the tank in various forms will supersede both cavalry and infantry, and the aeroplane will revolutionize fighting by introducing a third dimension, changing the art of war from a game of draughts to a game of chess; in sea war the sea-plans is his hero, and, like the late Lord Fisher, he believes in the development of the submarine into an amphibious hippopotamus, swimming under water and capable of wad-

ing ashore and running about there at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour.

And in a final chapter he remodels the whole of our defence system from its thinking department at the top of the last tankman, and his last claim for the spirit of science in war is that it will lead to giant economies.

The book is meant to be a bomb-shell, and it will do good. Not since the peace has a military book been written which is so full of meat.—"Observer."

AN INFORMAL INSPECTION.

The Inspecting General's Staff Officer, having misread his map, the car draws up smartly at the wrong entrance to the barracks. The Guard of awkward men, specially stowed away at the back entrance, do their best under trying circumstances, and the awkward bugler, conscious that he ought to sound something, blows "Cookhouse." Wild Regimental Policemen career madly through barracks to warn the C.O. and his supporters that the General has arrived at the wrong side. There ensues an undignified scurry, in which the Adjutant outruns the C.O., Second in Command, Quartermaster, Sergeant-Major, Battalion Orderly Sergeant, Ditto Corporal and other indispensable assistants, and arrives first.

General: I have no ear for music, although I used at one time to be able to whistle "Lights Out," but surely I've met that bugle-call in other walks of life?

Adjutant (without a moment's hesitation): Regimental custom, Sir.

General: Really, very interesting. (To C.O., who has arrived short of breath): Good morning. Now, what are you going to show me?

C.O. (suffering from acute inspectionitis): Well, Sir, you said you didn't want a parade, so, if you will walk round, you will just see the men at their ordinary routine.

[The procession heads for the barrack-square, where are discovered two men doing musketry exercises, two men at physical training, two men semaphoring, three men forming fours by numbers, two men gazing at a dismembered Lewis gun and two men edging away from a trench mortar.

C.O. (aside to Adjt.): Hang it all, there's nobody on the assault-course.

[The Subaltern in command of the parade, feeling that something is demanded of him on such an occasion, has recourse

to the recognized procedure for those in military doubt.

Subaltern (saluting smartly to the Adjutant): All present, Sir. Adjt. ((to C.O.): All present, Sir.

C.O. (to General): All present, Sir.

General: Thanks, yes; I fancied I heard somebody say so. Not a great many men on parade, are there?

C.O. (struggling with innumerable parade-states, reads hurriedly): "Two Hospital, four Sanitary-men, six Sergeants' Mess-waiters, one Officers' Mess Delfman—"

General: Never mind that; Parade-states are always so horribly plausible. Now I should like to see a barrack-room. Have you got one that I could have a look at?

C.O.: Yes, Sir; this way, Sir. (Aside to Adjutant). Which Company has prepared a barrack-room?

O/C A Coy. (seeing the procession making for his room): Please Sir, I'm afraid my room isn't ready. B Company bagged all the eye-wash.

C.O.: What?

O/C A Coy.: I beg your pardon, Sir, I mean the white-wash.

[A search begins for the prepared room. O/C Coys., the Adjutant and the Regimental Sergt.-Major run agitatedly up and down staircases, while the General, apparently unconscious of any hitch in the proceedings, is engaged in a heart-to-heart talk with the Second in Command on the subject of the particular brand of boot-polish sold in the canteen.

O/C C Coy. (arriving in haste): I've found the room; it's in my Company. I locked it up to keep it clean and I can't find the key.

Adjutant (hopelessly): Can't anyone provide a barrack-room?

O/C D Coy.: "I've got quite a decent line in barrack-rooms. Bring him along; it'll be all right. He knew my uncle in the South-African war.

[The cortege moves to D Coy.'s room. The Sergt.-Major smacks the door viciously with his cane and shouts, "Stanterbeds" to the single occupant, who, being in the act of shaving, cuts himself, drops his razor and stands to attention with half his face lathered. The Sergt.-Major surreptitiously kicks a stray banana-skin under a bed, and the Quartermaster fails in an attempt to remove a bayonet which is propping open a window. The General, however, walks quickly to the end of the

room and back, talking to O/C D Coy. about his uncle. As they emerge from the room a party passes carrying entrenching tools.

General: I'm glad you train your men in the use of those.

C.O.: Yes, Sir; very useful implements. (Aside to Adjutant): What is that party?

Adjutant: C Company, Sir, coming off fatigue. Officers' Mess; opening oysters for the General's lunch.

[In the course of their peregrinations they reach the Institutes.

General (approaching the coffee bar): I hope you don't let your men hang about in here during the morning?

C.O. (trying hard to look through the window): Oh, no, Sir.

[The Adjutant, having already looked through the window and seen the room full, has dashed to the Guard, and is in earnest conversation with the Bugler. Just as the General is about to enter the coffee-bar the imperative notes of the "Fire alarm" resound across the barrack-square.

Adjutant (shouting): Soldiers' Home, down the road!

[A pandemonium immediately ensues, during which the barracks are deserted, the General and his Staff-Officer being left alone with the C.O.

C.O. (feeling convalescent from his inspectionitis): Will you come in to lunch now, Sir? The officers will be back shortly.

[An hour afterwards the General drives away, and the real Guard presents arms to his batman and luggage in the attendant car.

C.O.: Well, I saw that through all right. I always say it's no good to get into a fantigue over these inspections. I think he was pleased with everything he saw, and I'm sure he enjoyed his oysters, though they were a bit mangled. That "Fire alarm" saved an awkward situation.

General (with a smile of happy reminiscence, to his Staff-Officer): Well, I saw through that all right. Same old eye-wash. I sometimes think people forget that a General has done exactly the same in his youth and knows all about it. That "Fire alarm" was the most venerable chestnut I ever met.—Punch. London.

Two Glasgow boys have been sentenced to six strokes of the birch each for trying to open a safe with a hammer and chisel. They will remember another time that this is not the proper way to open a safe.

The Last Post.

Previous to the visit of the Navy to St. Johns, on Victoria Day, Major Stethem called Montreal on long distance to enquire if H.M.S. Wistaria had arrived in port. The question came back, "What line does she belong to?" "King George V. you ruddy fool," replied the Major.

Our "Multum in parvo," Tommy How, has added one more profession to his list of accomplishments, that of "Sleuth." It would appear that certain members of the Hospital Staff had dire intentions on the eggs laid by Tommy's chickens and not wishing to commit theft by taking the eggs from the usual nesting place, they made nests in secret places and tried to entice the chickens to lay in them. However, the deceit was discovered by means known only to Tommp, himself, and he with the magnanimity of his heart, not wishing to disappoint the Hospital Staff got some eggs from a nest which a hen had been sitting on for ten or eleven days and placed them in the nests which had been fixed up. We wonder if the N.C.O. who indulged in a "prairie oyster" one morning, recently, enjoyed his drink?

A certain Staff Sgt., while recounting his varied experiences, told us he once saw a horse clear a high-jump with the bar at 8 ft. 2 ins. This was some jump. In our opinion, however, it does not compare with a jump made by the Lady Champion High Jumper of the U.S.A., as reported in a Detroit paper recently. This marvel cleared the bar at a height of 4 ft. 17½ inches.

Did the same Staff, in describing the diagram and information contained in a new roll book, unconsciously invent a new "Scrutonium," when he told the S.S.M. that he had seen a "fake-simile" of it?

They were a happy quartette comprised of two young Dragoons and two fair Canadienne-Francaises. Engrossed in each other's company they strolled along, evidently oblivious to aught else but one another's personality. Of their hopes and fears—well, we will say nothing—suffice to record that they were rudely interrupted in their conversation by an aged and decrepit son of Israel, who touching one of the soldiers on the shoulder, handed him a spur as he remarked, "I think this is yours young man; you dropped it some way back." The young Cavalry man thanked him in some confusion, took advantage of an adjacent

door-step to adjust his spur and still blushing furiously at the idea of loosing part of his dress in such a fashion, rejoined his companion and walked on for two or three blocks before he discovered he had left his whip on the doorstep where he had replaced his spur.

The champion mean man of the Squadron has been located. Never a believer in patronizing local industry, he carefully eschews the barber shop and shaves himself with an old-style straight blade. The other day it slipped and, to use a nautical expression, "carried away" a portion of the cuticle of his face. Then with blood streaming down his chin he rushed into the Squadron Tonsorial Parlors and requested the loan of the Barber's antiseptic pencil to stop the flow. He obtained the necessary relief and as he closed the door behind him, the Barber was heard to remark, "Well, I call that A—dam—(s)hame."

He was a Western recruit, willing, and anxious to make a good showing. Of military matters he was, admittedly ignorant, but he relied on his knowledge of horses and his experience gained on the ranch to offset his inability to tell his right hand from his left, or the proper position in which to carry his "gun." Sensitive to a degree he keenly felt the scathing remarks of his troop sergeant, when he innocently referred to the stables as "the barn," and the look bestowed upon him when he asked for soft soap with which to clean the "harness," was as salt rubbed into a gaping wound. But his heart was in his work and though at times in the privacy(?) of the barrack room he would give vent to his longings for the wild vast expanse of the West, he struggled manfully on, determined to overcome all obstacles and become a good Cavalry man. With vigor he applied the dandy brush to his horse's sides and was conscientious in the use of the body brush. Alas, his good intentions went for naught. At inspection one Saturday morning he reluctantly confessed he had not sponged out the animal's nostrils or eyes, nor had he used the hook-pick. In a few pithy remarks he was made aware of his awful omissions in regard to a quadruped's toilet, and then it was, the iron entered his soul. "And I thought I knew all about horses," he bitterly bewailed subsequently; "I've always groomed my horse carefully and well, but I don't know anything about this damphool business of manicuring them."

While passing the local jail, a short time ago, two little boys,

Kenneth and Bunny, heard a prisoner singing at one of the barred windows. Bunny remarked, "Gee! do prisoners sing?" Kenneth replied, "Sure they do, aren't they Jail-birds."

"DREAMY DANIEL" MEDITATES.

Strolling a short time ago, in a southerly direction from the main gate, I was deeply immersed in thought; thinking of the strangeness of life; how futile it is, and of the utter simplicity of mankind in general, trying to make themselves believe it's all a joke, yet always striving to pierce, with their dwarf-like intelligence, the great mystery of life, how at one moment we are all happy and contented, then, something happens and we bewail our fate with much weeping and lamentation.

Take ourselves as a case in point—during the past few months we have been all smiles, people who have not been known to smile previously, have rivalled a Cheshire Cat, and various men have been known to volunteer for Church parade, in order to render thanks. We have enjoyed all sorts of winter sports, snow-shovelling, coal fatigues, and sweeping the rink; but now, our Utopian existence is at an end, for the powers that be, have wished thirty remounts on us. Pondering over these things I entered the little cemetery situated about five hundred yards from the main gate, that I might enjoy my misery in solitude.

Whilst walking around the graveyard, I could not help reading and idly speculating on the writings inscribed on the tombstones; this started a new train of thought, who were the people buried here, how they lived their lives, enjoyed their joys, sorrowed over their sorrows, and eventually all ended up in the same way as "Private Landowners," then I saw that things were not so bad after all. Perhaps the readers of "The Goat" may derive a slight comfort by perusing some of these epitaphs.

On one stone I read:—

"Shed a few tears for Mary Mack,
An auto hit her smack in the back."

There's pathos and tragedy for you; think of this innocent maiden picking flowers, on what is now the barrack square; one of those abominable mechanical contrivances sneaks up behind her and biff, another undertaker rubs his hands.

Some of the married people, who are always moaning over their troubles, the cost of living, and everything in general, would do well to ponder over these lines:—

"Some have children, some have none;
Here lies the mother of twenty-one."

No words of mine could describe the wealth of meaning in that simple couplet, so I will pass on; but there is food for thought here.

What a frolicsome, adventurous, ingenious youth lies under the stone inscribed thus:—

"Kind friend, say a prayer for
Private Heather,
He tried to tickle a mule with a feather."

One can easily picture this youth, full of fun and high spirits; he would have his little joke; but one day a mule felt rather than saw the point—hence the tombstone.

There was one verse, which rather puzzled me. It seemed to me, as if the fellow sleeping underneath, was having a quiet laugh at us. The verse ran:—

"As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now so you will be,
So be prepared to follow me."

I looked at this verse from all angles, but to tell the truth the more I looked, the less I liked it; then a bright idea struck me—taking a piece of chalk I wrote under the above verse:

"To follow you I'm quite content,
But I'm blest if I know which way you went."

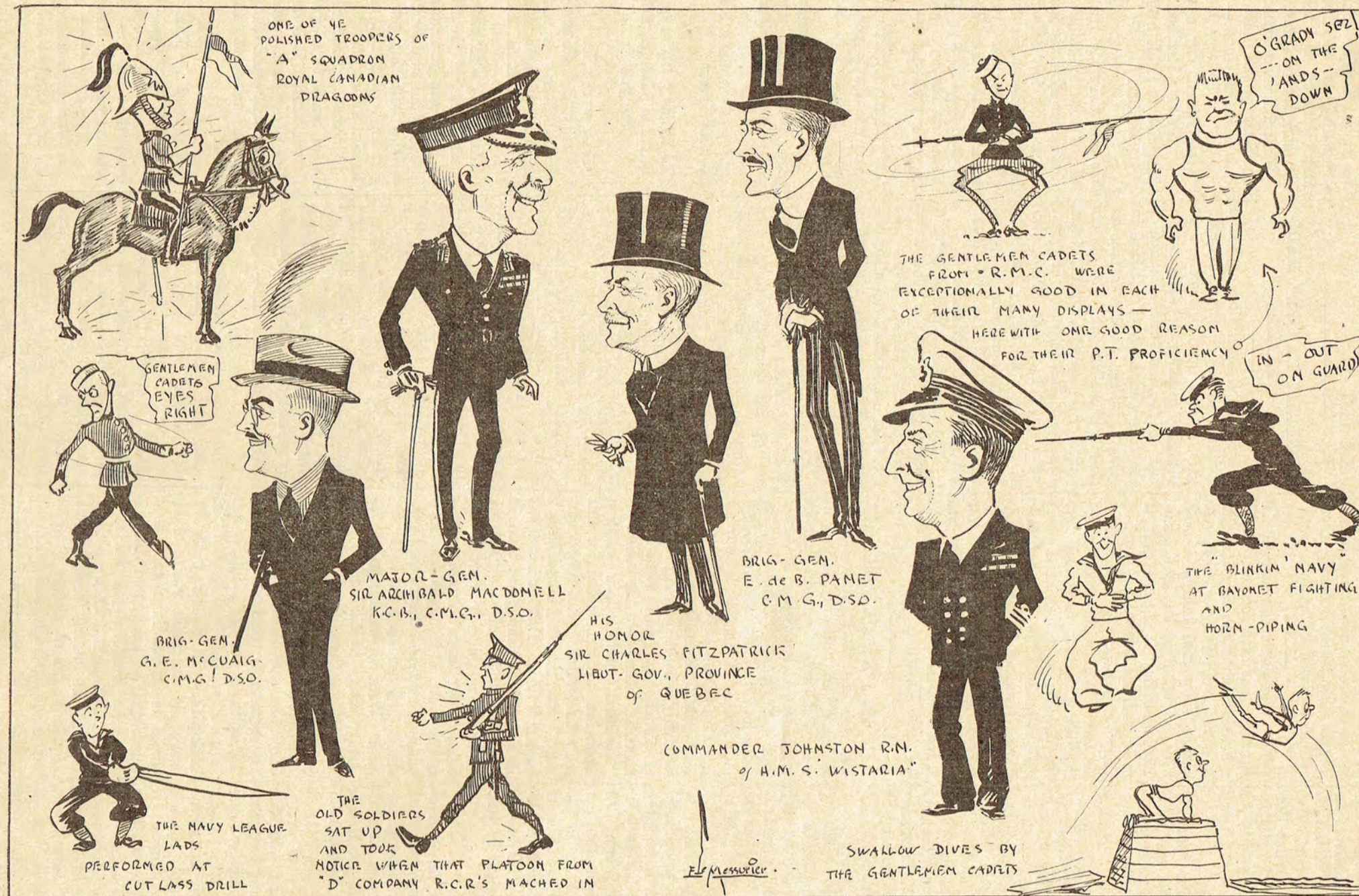
These were a few of the epitaphs I read, and I sincerely hope you may all derive as much comfort and peace from them as I did.

Discussing a sea-monster recently captured off the Florida coast an American journalist remarked that it could swallow forty Jonahs without suffering pangs of indigestion. But not some of the Jonahs we know.

It would appear that economy has at last been adopted by the Government if it is true that the War Office have recently obtained some really good bargains at the auction sales of surplus War stores.

Explorers in East India state that they have discovered a tribe of monkey-like natives. The tribe's description of the explorers is awaited with interest.

A woman preacher, in London, before a large audience, recently caused a big laugh; while she was talking seriously of the views of an American visitor. "There are so many things in London," said this lady, "that absolutely intoxicate Americans."



Sidelights on the Naval and Military Tournament, by LeMessurier.

(With the courtesy of the Montreal Daily Star)



The following games will be played by "A" Squadron, in the Third Division, P.Q.F.A., during the coming month:—

At Home.

National Breweries, June 23rd.
Emard A, July 2nd.
Sunnyside, July 7th.

Away.

East Greenfield, June 30th.
Imperial Tobacco, July 14th.

The Golf Championship.

Mr. Roger Wethered, aged 24 years, won the British Amateur Championship on the Deal Golf Links, defeating Mr. Robert Harris, the famous Scottish golfer, by the large margin of 7 and 6.

No amateur golf champion has better deserved his victory than Mr. Wethered. He deserved to win by the consistent excellence of his play, which is the most convincing of all titles to victory. He also deserved to win as the man who finally beat off the American "menace"—if we can apply such language to the imperturbable good humour and tonic sportsmanship of Mr. Ouimet, however deadly the tried quality of his golf. He also deserved it, upon grounds, valid though still sentimental, after his disappointment of two years ago, when a technicality robbed him of victory. For the moment it is sufficient for the Deal tournament to have shown that, formidable as the American attack is, we are not by any means lacking in native talent of a class to rival it, and of an age to give assurance that the honours will not lack capable defence for many years to come.

City League Ball.

On Wednesday evening, May 23rd, the K. of C. and the Drags. staged the entertainment for the fans and though the soldiers struggled valiantly they were unable to stem the triumphal march of the Knights, who won by 15 to 5. The Drags. used three pitchers in the "ne'er say die" attempt to catch up with the K's, after the latter had circled the diamond for 11 runs in the second innings, and though the sun shone for a few minutes when they got one run

and had three men on bases with one out, it went behind a cloud when the two next men fanned. In spite of the difference in the score some good ball was served up but the Drags had no cohesion, they neglected to live up to the principles of their training "mutual support"; they seemed to lack judgment in tight corners, which, along with the almost faultless ball of the K's lost them the game.

Dragoons vs. Singers, May 28th.

To the surprise of the fans, the great surprise of the Singers and doubtless to themselves the gallant "diehards," the Drags. trimmed the Singers coterie to the tune of seven to three on Monday, May 28th, when playing off the postponed game. That anybody expected but a Waterloo for the Drags. is putting it mild, and the fans who went up to the field were calculating the majority the Songsters would have, but came away with the fact that nothing is sure in this life but death and taxes.

The Singers went first to bat and had the zero hung up against them, while the Drags. made the circuit twice in their half. In the second innings the Singers managed to get "Shorty" Leblanc round the bags for their initial tally, but even though they still had three men on bases failed to garner any more, and the Drags. failed to make the distance.

In the third the Singers fell by the wayside, and the Drags. getting a line on Trahan, smashed their way round no less than four times. The fans began to rub their eyes and pinch themselves to see if they were really awake.

The fourth again proved a bung hole for the Singers, while the Drags got one from Gauthier, who replaced Trahan in the box.

In the fifth and sixth the Singers got a lonely one each time, while the Drags. failed to make the circuit.

In the fifth, Penny who was pitching, gave way to Mercier and went to the receiving end, this combination blanked the Singers in the seventh and the game was over. Drags. 7, Singers 3.

The following team represented "A" Squadron:—Boucher (catcher), Penny (pitcher), Gordon (1st base), Dowdell (2nd base), Barker (3rd base), Millette (short

stop), McKerrol (1. field), Mercier (centre), Moran (r. field).

Dragoons vs. Harts, June 4th.

Old Sol gave up the fight with the smoke from bush fires, early in the day on Friday, June 4th with the result that it was too dark to play ball and the game between the Harts and the Drags, was called off and put on ice until Monday evening, and when it was taken off and put on the field on Monday a large part of the ice stuck fast to the Drags. hoofs and hooks with a result too painful to chronicle in detail. Those who were there know all about it and those who were not can let their imagination run riot when it is said that the Harts accumulated twelve runs in their first innings. Everybody had a couple of trips to bat and the president seeing how things were going started the hat before the fans had a chance to beat it beyond the confines of the field. The general opinion was that the said president ought to be ashamed of himself for asking a contribution, but funds have to be had, so they contributed.

R.C.D. vs. Buffaloes.

The feature of the morning programme on the 24th May, was the football match between the R.C.D. and Buffaloes.

The Dragoons were represented by—Pte. Campbell (goal); S.S.M. Smith and Sgt. Campbell (backs); Pte. Woods, Lieut. Hammond, and Pte. Maddox (halves); Cpl. Harris, Pte. Rowe, W. Nethercut, Cpl. Hargreaves and Pte. Lawrence.

In the first half the Cavalry had the best of the play, and Nethercut on receiving the ball from Hargreaves opened the scoring with an oblique shot which gave the "goalie" no chance. Both teams continued to play football of a clean and determined type and half time arrived with the score—R.C.D. 1, Buffaloes 0.

In the second half the home team clearly demonstrated their superiority over their rivals. Being constantly on the offensive, they were enabled to deposit three more tallies on the credit side of their goal account. Woods headed one in from a corner; Lawrence was responsible for the second and Nethercut found the net again about ten minutes before the end.

The Buffaloes played a hard game but their forwards could not pierce the home defence, S.S.M. Smith being the "rock they split on." Final score—R.C.D. 4, Buffaloes 0.

Greenfield Park Proves a "Waterloo."

Elated by their successes in previous games, the Dragoons took the field against Greenfield Park, who are at the foot of the League Table, with a great deal of confidence and condescension, and at the conclusion of the game, walked off the field sadder but wiser men.

We shall not attempt to describe this game, having no wish to bore our readers. The ground was poor and cramped and so was the type of foot-

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ball displayed by our team. Greenfield Park won, and won easily, by 3 goals to 2. The closeness of the score does not reflect the respective merits of the teams, as the home team missed four open goals.

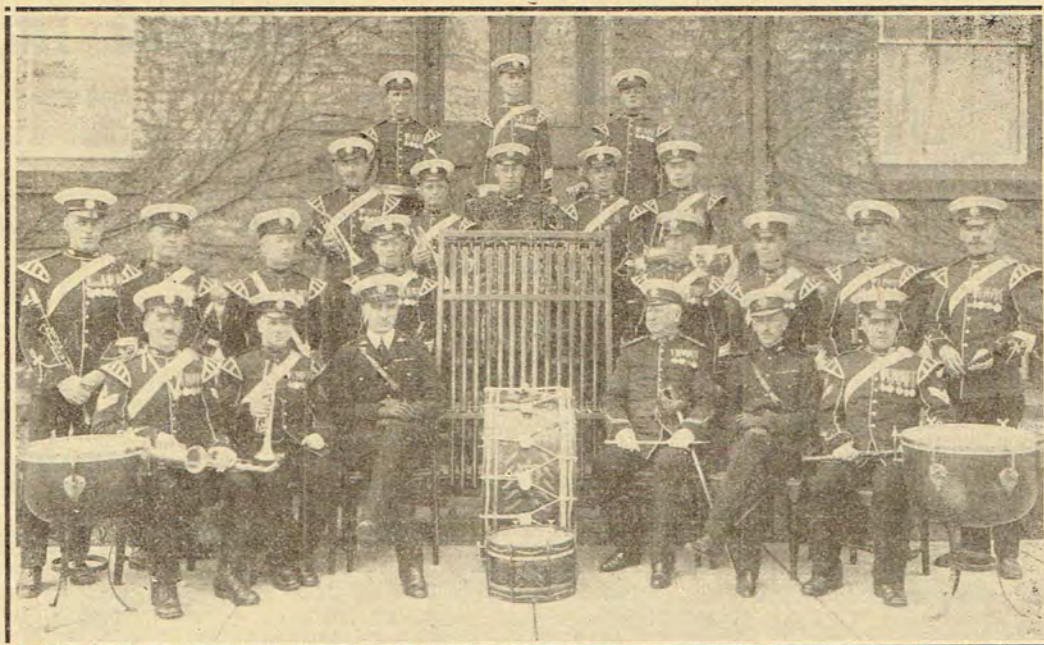
Molsons vs. R.C.D., June 9th.

The final score was Molsons 4, R. C. D. 1.
"Nuf sed."

FIRST SHOT FIRER IDENTIFIED.

The editor of the regimental record of the 4th Dragoon Guards, answering a query, states that the first contact with the enemy was made by "C" Squadron of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards. A troop of this regiment reported—what proved to be the first intimation received by the Commander-in-Chief—that a force of some 400,000 menaced the Mons-Condé Canal front. At 6 a.m. on Aug. 22 the first shot from the British Army was fired by Corporal Thomas, of this squadron of Dragoons, who opened fire on an advancing patrol of German Dragoons. Immediately after a troop of the same squadron, under Captain C. B. Hornby, charged through the advancing squadron of German cavalry, this officer being thus the first to "get home with steel." The official history by Brigadier-General Edmonds bears this out. The Greys were engaged at 10 a.m. on Aug. 22. The 4th Middlesex Regiment was engaged at 6 a.m. on Aug. 23, and the Royal Scots Fusiliers also about that hour.

It is estimated that ten per cent. of the country play golf. About three per cent. of golfers do the same.



THE BAND OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT.

(With the Courtesy of the Herald Press Ltd., Montreal.)

VICTORIA DAY SPORTS.

"A" Squadron, R.C.D.

Though the weather was threatening in the morning quite a few gathered at the barrack recreation grounds to take in the events offered by the members of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., in their Annual Field Day Sports.

The first on the programme was the best turned out section and the judges found it hard to choose as each was spick and span, but it would be a hard thing to choose between any of them on ordinary days in any event. However No. 1 troop won out.

Then the dismounted programme was commenced and this ran along until near the noon hour when a soccer match was staged between the Buffaloes and the Drags, the latter coming out on top by 4 to 0.

During the morning the excellent band of the Royal Canadian Regiment delighted everybody with their playing. Capt. Ryan, who was in charge, has every reason to be proud of the personnel and playing of this band.

In the afternoon the dismounted events were concluded and then came the Musical Ride, an event which everyone was waiting for. If possible the various figures were even better done than last year, in fact when it is remembered that some of the horses were practically remounts and also that it was the first time the ride was performed in the open, all the more credit must be given those taking part for the manner in which the intricate moves were done. Several new features were added this year, and rounds of applause greeted the succeeding figures. The jumping by half sections was something new and greatly pleased the spectators.

During the afternoon refreshments were served in a big tent and done full justice to, the Dragoons outdoing their previous record as hosts.

Major General and Mrs. Armstrong were interested spectators and Mrs. Armstrong presented the prizes im-

mediately after the last event was staged.

Afterwards, the members of the Officers' Mess entertained their guests at a very pleasant tea in the mess, while the Warrant Officers and the Non-Commissioned Officers entertained in the Sergeants' Mess.

Several Officers, Petty Officers and other ratings of H.M.S. Wistaria, in port at Montreal, were guests of the Dragoons and entered into the spirit of the day thoroughly.

The following are the successful competitors:—

Best turned out section—Ptes. Brebner, Maddox, Poulin and Short, V., (1st Troop).

Broad Jump—Pte. McKerrol, 1st; Pte. Benton, 2nd; Pte. Millette, 3rd. Distance, 18 ft. 3 ins.

Hop, skip and jump—Pte. McKerrol, 1st; Pte. Benton, 2nd; Pte. Millette, 3rd. Distance, 38 ft. 3 ins.

High Jump—Pte. Millette, 1st; Pte. McKerrol, 2nd; Pte. Duffy, 3rd. Height, 4 ft. 3 ins.

Three-legged race—Petty Officers Bruce and Vigar, H.M.S. "Wistaria" 1st; Petty Officers Knight and Kervirier, H.M.S. "Wistaria," 2nd.

Thread the needle race—P.O. Vigar and Miss Mercier, 1st; P.O. Allen and Miss Hird, 2nd; P.O. Wilson and Miss Pugh, 3rd.

100 yards—Pte. Benton, 1st; Pte. Green, 2nd; Pte. Labelle, 3rd.

Sack Race—Petty Officer Allen, 1st; Pte. Duffy, 2nd; Pte. Green, 3rd.

200 yards—Pte. Mercier, 1st; Pte. Benton, 2nd; Pte. Lawrence, 3rd.

Boat Race—No. 1 team.

One mile race—Pte. Mercier, 1st; Pte. Lawrence, 2nd; P.A. Allen, 3rd.

Leading Animal's race—Master White, 1st; Sgt. Barraclough, 2nd.

Children's Race—Boy Alloes.

The Derby.

The most famous of English Classic Races was held on June 6th. Steve Donoghue rode Papyrus to victory. Pharos was the second horse to pass the winning post and Parth was third. Oracles in the crowd were quick to

note that the names of the first three horses all began with the letter P. Archibald, the American jockey, proved unable to make good the confidence placed upon his mount by his host of American admirers, the heavily played Town Guard, which he rode, not measuring up to form, finished thirteenth. By this year's win Donoghue gains the Golden Spurs donated by the Jockey Club.

Barrack Cricket Club.

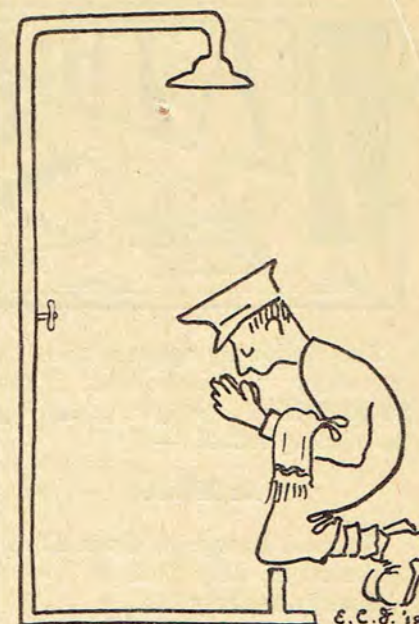
The Barrack Cricket Club will be pleased to have civilians, who wish to play cricket join up with them for the summer. The club has a complete set of gear for the game and this will be at the service of those joining without any expense whatsoever. There are doubtless quite a few old time cricket players round the town who will welcome this chance of getting back into the game, and these as well as any others can get further information by communicating with the Secretary of the Cricket Club, Barracks.

A contemporary has published an article on "Dinner Table Pests." In our opinion there is none worse than the man who whistles while eating soup.

A speaker at a labour meeting the other day remarked, "I want to see an equal chance for those children born with a silver spoon and those with a pick and shovel in their mouths."

From a report of a five-furlong race, in a Yorkshire paper:—

"Molesey Two-Year-Old Selling Plate, of 200 Sovs. Foreign Legion (Mrs. Gordon), A. Burns, 1; Scotch Dame (Mr. Reardon), C. Smirke, 2. Foreign Legion speedily raced clear, and never being headed, won by seven furlongs." It looks as if Scotch Dame were left a quarter of a mile behind the starting post.



THE POETS' CORNER.

The Dragoon's Lament.

Pause, Furnace-man, Pause, as on
your way you go,
And list a moment to my tale
of woe.

Oft have I and often have my
friends,
Seeking that state sublime,—so
near to God,—

The state of cleanliness, to reach
our ends

Turned on the faucet and, all filled
with hope,

Towel in one hand, in the other
soap,

Long hours have waited, while the
crystal jet,

Cold as Icelandic snows, and
colder yet

Has fallen, fallen, fallen in a
stream

Without the very faintest sign of
steam.

Behold above, a Dragoon wrapt in
prayer,

Driven insane by vigil's tiring
strain,

Pleads but one gush of water,
cleansing, warm,

That he may wash, and washing,
live again.

Baths fresh and cold, invigorate
and brace

Man's frame to fight contagion
and disease,

But do not cleanse, so cannot take
the place

Of hot ones, so we ask you give
us these.

E. Carol Jackson, Cpl.

A Deft One—Every time Uncle Sam gets his check from England he must wonder what has become of that resolution to keep out of European affairs.—Calgary Herald.



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